

By JOSEPHUS DANIELS---

(Secretary of the Navy in Wilson Cabinet)

Has History a Habit of Repeating Itself? After Passage of McKinley Tariff, Cleveland Was Elected President, and Wilson's Election Followed Passage of Payne-Aldrich Tariff—Is Fordney-McCumber Tariff To Give Us Another Democratic President?

DOES history always repeat itself? or is that a fiction invented by teachers who use the saying because they lack knowledge of logic?

One day a gentleman called to see President Wilson. He was cock-sure he was right in the proposition he was maintaining. Mr. Wilson was not convinced. "But," persisted his visitor, "the logic of the situation proves my contention."

"That might be true," said Mr. Wilson, "but for one thing."

"What is that one thing?" inquired the visitor.

"It is," replied the then President Wilson, "there ain't no such thing as logic," falling laughingly into the vernacular, as he did now and then. He spoke in such perfect English and his compositions were so elegant, that I find few people who believe he could drop into colloquialisms—something he was fond of doing to his intimates.

AND IN ELECTIONS?

If history repeats itself in the larger things, does it in the world of politics?

That is a question that is giving great concern to the politician and the political prophets these days which precede the die of November. I find that Cordell Hull and Senator Walsh and the other Democratic campaign managers here in Washington are all ranged firmly in the affirmative of the proposition, while John T. Adams and Senator McCormick have earnestly espoused the negative.

Do you ask why the parties have taken such hostile positions upon a question that concerns logic and history rather than current political questions or campaigns? That is a natural question. Ordinarily if you would submit the query:

"Resolved, That history repeats itself,"

It would be found to be question for debate in the high schools where classes in history would assume the laboring oar for and against. That would seem to be the natural forum for such a debate, and the women's clubs might also use it as a subject for discussion. For example, they might consider whether fashions adopted by one generation, and then abandoned, would not return in all their glory in the third generation.

WHY AT THIS TIME?

Just why then at this time should Congressmen and would-be Congressmen forget the tariff and the ship subsidy and the bonus and finance and, berating the stupidity of the opposition party, discuss so academic a question as "Does history repeat itself?"

There's a reason—and a good one as the politicians of both parties will point out, when 107 Republican members of the House and nearly all the Democrats joined in defeating the attempt of Mr. Fordney and Mr. McCumber to put an embargo on dyes and a high tariff on potash in the interest of a few producers of potash, the Democrats in Congress became very cocky, and one of them rose up in a talk in the cloak room and maintained this proposition somewhat in this way:

THE DEMOCRATIC POSITION.

"It is an undeniable truth that history always repeats itself. Other laws sometimes fail. Even the Rule in Shelley's case sometimes miscarries. But just as sure as you cannot escape death or taxes, just that sure is it that "History always repeats itself."

That proposition was not denied by any Republican Congressman. It seemed too axiomatic and academic to call for denial or even questioning. The proposition seemed to be accepted by both parties, the defender of the ancient doctrine continued:

"Seeing that history always repeats itself, I hope to see the Fordney tariff act become a law. Why? Not because it will hold the people! No, but because it will dig the political grave of the Republican party, and make sure that the Democrats will elect a Democrat in 1924."

HERE'S THE ANSWER.

That proposition was not accepted. The Republicans present disputed it and asked by what process of reasoning he made that confident prediction:

"On the theory," he answered, "that history always repeats itself—a doctrine which nobody disputed when I propounded it a few minutes ago." He went on after this fashion:

"In 1889 Congress enacted the McKinley tariff law. Shortly thereafter, prices of everything sold in the retail stores went up and there was much comment and not a little resentment. Women shoppers for the first time made themselves felt. They rushed into print with denunciations of the McKinley tariff

act, attributing the higher prices they paid for the necessities of life to the McKinley bill.

"What happened? In 1890 the Democrats carried the House by a big majority. The women did it," said Tom Reed, referring to their complaint over high prices. Then in 1892 Cleveland was elected President as a tariff reformer."

APPEAL TO TAFT'S DAY.

That history could not be disputed even if the reasoning could be questioned. The proponent of "History Always Repeats Itself" went on:

"Again in 1908 the Republicans won and elected Mr. Taft. His predecessor and sponsor, who had always shied at the tariff, went to Africa. It was safer to hunt lions than tinker with the tariff. The Payne-Aldrich tariff act, after Dolliver had denounced it, was signed by Taft. The country was up in arms against it. When Taft, in his ill-fated Wiggins speech, approved the bill, he wrote his political death warrant. That was in 1909. In 1910 the Democrats carried the House by a record-breaking majority and in 1912 Wilson, an ardent tariff reformer, was elected President."

These two precedents will give big encouragement to Democrats and all other opponents of the Fordney-McCumber tariff act. On the stump and in the press the doctrine of "History Always Repeats Itself" will be the creed of speakers and writers who do not quote a score of Republican newspapers and individual Republicans

By COUNT TOLSTOY---

(Son of the Famous Russian Philosopher)

Friendly Criticism Is More Helpful Than Flattery—We Tell the Truth to Those We Love—"Let Us Preserve Individuality and Let Us Educate Our Youth as Individuals and Not as Soulless Automatons."

(Copyright, 1922, by Ilya Tolstoy.)

WAS once asked by a young man, "Why don't you shave your whiskers?" I replied with another question, "Why do you shave yours?" The young man was amazed. He never thought that his question was foolish but he rather believed mine to be so. "Why?" he said "because everybody does it."

"Have you any other reason?" I asked. "No, I don't think so."

Leaving aside the question of whether we shall shave or not shave, let us see whether "because everybody does it" is a good reason or not. In other words, does the standardization of humanity improve it, or not? In some instances the standard facilitates life, in industry it is essential, but not so in shaping human beings. Look around you, see the great diversity of nature! Not only every tree, but even every leaf, every flower, every blade of grass has its own individual shape and color. This is the beauty of nature. How much greater should be the beauty of mankind, in which every individual has his own intellect, his

own heart, his own character, his own habits, his ego!

Must we kill that ego by aping each other, and must we kill the individuality of our children by turning them out of schools as Henry Ford turns out his touring cars, all of the same shape and color?

Do you know what strikes me in this country? It is the monotony and uniformity of life. It is the stencil. Every year I have traveled across the country. You would expect me to say that I have seen new places, new people. No, I will not say that.

Everything I see from the East to the West and from the North to the South is absolutely the same. The same towns and cities, the same hotels, United Cigar Stores, five-cent stores, drug stores—and the same people everywhere. Nice, educated, good natured, clean shaven, well dressed, but most of them lacking in individuality.

"Everywhere that I go I meet people who tell me, in a mechanical voice with an artificial smile, how they enjoyed this or that book, or my lecture or some expression of their pleasure. I

wonder how it is that the president of a women's club in Arizona used the same words and the same expressions that I hear from a Presbyterian minister in New England and I wonder how and why the people manage to hide their real personality behind the stencil.

"Because everybody does it." In every city I meet newspaper reporters. Somehow they manage to always ask me the same questions, as if they were typewritten to their minds. "How long have you been in this country?" "What do you think of our city?" The answer to the first is easy, not so with the second. I am supposed to say that this particular town is the most beautiful city I ever saw (because everybody does it) but if I do not say so, the reporter looks amazed and sometimes even offended as if we were discussing himself, not the town. But still he is a good fellow. In his report he corrects my lack of courtesy and will make me say what everybody in my position is supposed to say.

Another impression that strikes strange eyes in this country is the fear of and even slavery before public opinion. I came here the first time from Russia when my country was still under the rule of the czar. I came to the Land of the Free, and what was my disillusionment when in this country I felt myself more enslaved by the fear of public opinion than I did under Russian autocracy. Many concessions had I to make in order to comply with the public opinion of the people and many things did I do and am I now doing for the sole reason that "Everybody must do it."

My father once met one of the main streets of Moscow a man who impressed him greatly. He was dressed in such a peculiar way that it was impossible not to notice him. It was a combination of remnants of wealth and poverty, summer and winter clothes, city and country style.

"I met a wonderful individual," he told us when he came home. "A man who does not care what people think of him." Somehow, when he told us this, I felt a kind of esteem for this man because he had no fear of public opinion.

By this I do not mean to advise my reader to walk on the Fifth avenue of New York with an Indian feather head covering and clad in Turkish trousers and Eskimo fur boots, no, not exactly that, but I wish to say that people are as afraid to manifest individuality, afraid not to be like others.

This makes them dull and often kills the best side of a person and also of life. Let us preserve individuality and let us educate our youth as individuals, and not as soulless automatons.

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against the bill which Democrats say will impose an annual tax of three billion dollars on the people, culminating with Munsey's declaration "It is a damn fool tariff."

If the McKinley tariff of 1889 gave the country a Democratic House in 1890 and Cleveland in 1892 and the Payne-Aldrich act of 1909 gave a Democratic Congress or 1910 and Wilson in 1912, will not the Fordney-McCumber tariff, more vigorously denounced by Republican papers than its two predecessors, give a Democratic House in November and a Democratic President in 1924?

If history always repeats itself, that will be the result.

Therefore, you understand why suddenly all the Democratic spellbinders and writers have been converted to the doctrine, often presented, that "History Always Repeats Itself." In their case undoubtedly the wish is father to the thought.

WHY REPUBLICANS DISAGREE.

It is, therefore, equally plain why the Republican spellbinders and writers have so suddenly become convinced that there "ain't no such a thing as logic" and that the theory that "history always repeats itself" has no substantial foundation, and particularly has no connection with elections or political campaigns.

We will have to wait until election day to see which debaters won and to ascertain whether it is really true that history has contracted a fixed habit of repeating itself.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE All Around the Town

By HARRY SHREVE.

DO YOU believe in signs? If so, take a look at those in the windows of some of the small business places scattered over Washington the next time you are wandering about town.

They are funny, and they are original. They display a splendid disregard for grammar and are masterpieces of composition. For instance, read the following, which is painted on the side of a second-hand store on Eighth street southeast:

**The Poor Man's Friend
Second Hand Revolvers
and
Knives For Sale Cheap.**

Looks as if the boss of this establishment expects another war.

Down near the navy yard there's an old colored man who does a thriving express business. Perhaps the following sign which hangs above his door has something to do with his success:

**Furniture Moved
With Care and Pianos.**

On Seventh street northwest the following invitation is displayed in the windows of a grocery:

**Do You Like Good Things To Eat?
If So,
See B— R—, the Fat Grocer.**

Down near the Union Station a thrifty Chinaman has this sign painted on his window:

Jim Lee—Laundry.
Over the door leading to the rooms over the laundry is another sign, which reads:

Sam Lee—Whitewashing.

Both are in the cleaning business, but Sam denies there is any relationship.

The manager of a small dry goods store, situated on Seventh street northwest for ten years, has caught the bargain sale craze. Last week he put the following sign in his window:

**On October 1, We Will Begin To
Sell Our Stock.**

Which causes one to wonder what he has been selling for the past ten years.

A small grocery on H street northeast has this in his window:
**All Kinds Of First Class Good
Things To Eat and Drink
Including
Grass Seed—Lawn Mowers—Hoes
and Rakes.**

By LOVAT FRASER---

(Well-Known Authority On International Politics)

Watch the War Clouds—Grave Issues Arising From the Atlantic to the Himalayas—Says the British Government Does Not Possess the Full Confidence of the British People, Who Doubt Stand on German Reparations—Believes French Right in Thinking Germany Can Pay.

LONDON, Sept. 30.

THE past week has seemed to me a very black one, but perhaps I have not been in places where things can be seen in a cheerful perspective. A wise and reflective man wrote a day or two ago: "London has not been so depressed since the dark days of 1918. But London is not on holiday, and those who had to stay in the cities in August are apt to take a rather grim view of life." Possibly the outlook is different from Deauville or from lively Margate, but from my standpoint war clouds appear to be hanging over much of the immense area between the Atlantic and the Himalayas.

They are not new war clouds rising up suddenly across a blue sky. They are not like the clouds of 1914, when men could still march forth eagerly to the sound of bugle and drum, and when war still brought ennobling moments. They are clouds pouring forth from the embers of terrible unfinished wars into a sky which has never cleared. They make men and women fear the swift appearance, not of ordered warfare, but of that muddled and chaotic strife which must be ruled out. At present they try to sap the strength of Western civilization through their secret agents, of whom there are plenty in both England and Ireland.

REAL DANGER SPOT.

The real danger spot in middle Europe at this juncture is the fragment which we still call Austria. The Austrian republic is on its death-bed already, and after examining the various schemes which have been propounded for its succor, I do not see how it can possibly survive. Italy has already issued a formal warning that she will not tolerate any attempt on the part of neighboring States to profit by Austria's plight. Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia have indignantly retorted that they have no intention of intervening in Austria. Their assurances may be accepted, but someone may have to intervene in Austria before many weeks are over.

Bereft of money and almost destitute of authority, the unhappy Austrian government cannot endure. If the maddened populace of Vienna is unable to procure food, it will rise, and all semblance of civilized control will disappear. Foreigners, who can see what is coming, are leaving Vienna in swarms, and every departing train is said to be packed with fugitives. When Austria becomes chaotic and famine-ridden her neighbors will not long be content to sit round and watch her death throes. The moment anyone makes a move the trouble will begin. Austria may at any time prove to be the seed-bed of more wars.

A NEW "SICK MAN."

At this serious moment I do not propose to say very much about the critical issues which recently arose between Great Britain and France on the question of German reparations. In common with the majority of my countrymen, I decline to credit the suggestion that the British and the French, who fought shoulder to shoulder for over four years, will ever part company on any question affecting Germany. The Germans did their utmost during the war to break up the entente, and they failed. Shall we let them triumphantly breed discord between ourselves and France now that the war is over? A quarrel between the two allies, a separation implying permanently divergent policies, might be equivalent to a victory for Germany, and it would have unfortunate effects upon the future of Europe.

A temporary settlement has now been reached; but meanwhile our people have an uncomfortable feeling that our statements have not

acted quite wisely or skillfully in their discussions with the French about making Germany pay. If in this matter our government has not possessed the full confidence of the British nation, they have only themselves to blame. They are now reaping the consequences of the wicked folly which leads them to tax us to the bone for mad adventures in Mesopotamia, to which every taxpayer objects. We can see that they have made a terrible mess of the Greek invasion of Asia Minor, and many regard the prime minister's speech about the Turks on August 4 as obstinately provocative. In their zeal for the Czechoslovaks and the Yugoslavs they have joined in turning Austria into a new "Sick Man of Europe," with consequences which may lead to war. Is it surprising that the bulk of the nation wonders whether our government, who have made nearly every possible mistake in foreign affairs, have been taking the right line about German reparations?

For the French are right in this, that Germany can pay, and must pay. We are being misled about the consequences to Germany of the fall of the mark. The people who have paid for the slump of the mark are the foreigners who bought immense quantities of paper marks. They have borne the loss, and Germany has not felt the decline so much as excited onlookers suggest. There are hardly any bankrupts in Germany, and very few unemployed. Until now the output of German mills and factories has been enormous. We may not endorse some of the measures which French extremists wished to take against the Germans, but what our people feel instinctively is that our government want to let Germany off, while France insists that she must not escape the consequences of her crimes.

MISLED ABOUT GERMANY.

It will not be suggested here that the grave crisis which arose about German reparations implied another war-cloud, but it undoubtedly deepened the gloom which rests over Europe. The Old World has been slipping backwards ever since the armistice; our statesmen seem to be fumbling with mighty issues, and while our people make holiday, civilization is rocking as it did in 1914. I hope the clouds will pass, but can see few gleams of sunlight. (From The World-Wide News Service, Inc., Boston, Mass.)

Let Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith congratulate themselves on the thought that they are supposed to have produced masterpieces. Moreover, the title really implied that a man was the master of his own work, of his own tools, of his own shop, of his own full status in society.

By G. K. CHESTERTON---

(The Famous English Writer and Critic)

"Mister" or "Esquire"—Where Tommy Gets in Front of Father—Title of Master in Many Ways a Much Higher One Than That of Esquire. Easier to Make Rows Than Rules, He Points Out.

LONDON, Sept. 30.

AN incident was reported in the papers recently, in which one gentleman made a violent bodily attack on another gentleman because he had been addressed as a Mister instead of an Esquire, or rather as an Esq., which sounds like some queer sort of animal such as an Eff. It is characteristic of the chaos into which the whole matter has fallen, but we practically leave out the word "squire," which is the only important part of the title. It seems a silly thing to fight about; but I would not pronounce too positively without knowing more of the human nature involved.

On the whole, I deplore the violence, not so much because it was waste, as because it was waste. It seems like throwing away good cuffs and kicks in a world where there is a far nobler need of them. With the rich and varied field offered by public life for the selection of a suitable victim, I cannot think he should be sought in private life on so trivial a pretext.

With all the stiff and stately figures in finance and politics simply crying out to be doubled up, as the Game Chicken wanted to double up Mr. Dombey, it seems very uneconomical to waste energy on correcting a mere clerical error. If we have among us an individual full of such fire and enthusiasm, it would surely be possible to direct his ferocity into more fruitful social work. And I should suggest that it might be diverted, not against those who refuse to address us as squires, but against those who refuse to treat us as citizens.

AMUSINGLY ENGLISH.

But there is something much more queer in the business. We might pardon people who insist on being punctiliously right; but these people are punctiliously wrong. There is something amusingly English about being very exact about things that are entirely inexact. A nobleman of older times might have been very strict about the blazonry of his coat-of-arms; a knight might have been very strict about the terms and titles of his order of knighthood. But we are not in the least strict about the title of Esquire.

Most of the people who most severely insist on it have no right to it at all. It is a concession given by the general good humor and good fellowship which are the virtues of England. But the unreason which is the vice of England makes people proceed to treat a gift as if it were a right, and to be bad-tempered about something that has its whole origin in good temper.

The old original meaning of an Esquire has entirely disappeared. It really represented the rank below knighthood, which was generally 'expectant of knighthood. The Squire in Chaucer, for instance, is bound to the service of the Knight in Chaucer. The clerk who was attacked in a somewhat demented manner by the sensitive gentleman might very well have retorted by asking that humble squire from what might he expect the accolade when he had won his spurs. I do not think that Chaucer's knight would have given it to him, except after an apology to the clerk.

As a matter of fact, the title of Mister is in many ways a much higher one than that of Esquire. Mister is, of course, merely a corruption of the dignified and dominant word Master. It seems strange that one of the strongest words in the world has become one of the weakest words in the world. Yet this has been done merely by the changing of a single vowel. But such changes make all the difference in the magic influence of words; as any one can see by making the substitution in the modern use of this particular word.

If we were reading some sensational romance, and came to the passage about the mortal peril of Sir Marmaduke: "with one vigorous movement he mastered the maddened steed," the effect would certainly be weakened if he only mastered it. In those new novels in which a suburban husband models himself on a mythical character called a Cave-Man, and is admired for being masterful, it would never do if he were merely masterful.

Curiously enough, we retain the stronger word for the weaker party; we apply it to the little boy and not to the grown man. Tommy is a strong and stately master, while his father remains a miserable mister.

MISUSE OF TERM.

But it is none the less true that the word itself, whatever our misuse of it, really does stand for mastery. It stands for something infinitely more powerful and important than the fine shade of feudal etiquette which is all that is represented by esquire. The word master really belongs to the great world of the medieval guilds. A master was a man who had produced a masterpiece.

Let Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith congratulate themselves on the thought that they are supposed to have produced masterpieces. Moreover, the title really implied that a man was the master of his own work, of his own tools, of his own shop, of his own full status in society.

The title of squire did not really indicate the very opposite. The squire was the servant of the knight; and the guildsman was not the servant of anybody. The man who is ashamed of being called "Mr." is ashamed of being a master of arts.

The man who insists on being regarded as an esquire is really, by comparison, boasting that he carries another man's cup or platter and grows another man's horse.

Snobishness is a sort of sentimentalism that is not even as solid as oligarchy. Snobishness is rather aristocracy in solution; gentility when it dissolves and drifts about. The piece of snobishness here in question illustrates this truth, for in its violence there was a vagueness. Nobody can say nowadays what are the definite tests by which we can tell a mister from an esquire.

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